

Clementine

In a cav - ern, in a can - yon Ex - ca - vat - ing for a mine, Dwelt a min - er, for - ty - nin - er, And his daugh - ter Clem - en - tine. Oh, my Dar - ling, Oh, my Dar - ling, Oh, my dar - ling Clem - en - tine, You are lost and gone for - e - ver, Dread - ful sor - ry Clem - en - tine. (Light she)

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty niner,
And his daughter Clementine.
Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever.
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.
Oh my darling, ...

Drove she ducklings to the water
Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.
Oh my darling, ...

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles, soft and fine,
But, alas, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.
Oh my darling, ...

How I missed her! How I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister,
I forgot my Clementine.
Oh my darling, ...